

TRINITY

A WELL SPENT LIFE OF SEVENTY-THREE YEARS THAT CLOSED IN 1778.

To the fact that the old Church Clerk whose duty it was to enter Baptisms, Marriages and Burials in the Church Registers at Trinity looked upon those old Registers as more or less personal diaries as well as official records of the parish—to this fact, I repeat, we are indebted for the many little personal observations, comments, etc., that give to those otherwise stereotyped records a value peculiarly their own. The old clerk, of course, had no right to add those personal observations, remarks, etc., in the official records of the parish. The fact remains, however, that he did add them, and I for one, am deeply grateful to him for the same, frequently supplying me, as they have done, with an inspiration to write a Saturday tale, and providing me with a moral to adorn it with. Just now my interest has been awakened in the person and actions of one William Warren, with whose interment-entry in the old Burial Register is associated the old Church Clerk's expression of approval, and admiration of Mr. Warren's good deeds in life. It is refreshing to find an expression of this kind, within the ten years of crime and lawlessness that I have quoted from in my notes of the past two or three weeks.

There were at this time two men in Trinity—father and son—by the name of William Warren. This one, whose name is given in the entry from which I am now quoting, was William Warren, Sr. He was, what many of our people would designate as "an old Englishman." In this designation, the word "old" is not intended to refer to the person's age, but to the fact that he came from "old England." William Warren, Sr. was born "down Zumerst way" in the year 1700. From the time that he was old enough to remember anything, he remembered his father and elder brothers talking about Newfoundland; and although at first he did not know whether it was

long word was the name of an animal or a vegetable, it interested him sufficiently to keep it in his mind. Then, as during his school days he was taught, that it was the name of a far-away place where Jim Morely, and Bill Rushton had gone to seek their fortunes, his ambition was fired to follow them some day. This decision on the boy's part, was deepened day-by-day, by the fact that, his father never missed an opportunity to remind his boys, that as soon as they were old enough and big enough they were to follow Morely and Rushton's example, by leaving the old home and going out into the big world to carve out their own future in life.

This did not indicate lack of affection on the part of the boy's father. On the contrary, no father in the whole of Somerset was fonder of his boys than was George Warren. Because of the Spartan stuff of which he was made, he knew of no better, practical way that he could show that fondness than by giving them a fair education, and then encouraging them to go out into a new country, where they would have an opportunity and an incentive to develop their latent manhood, and to make homes for themselves. When William Warren was sixteen years of age, he was told to bring his books from school, to say good-bye to his teacher, and to make arrangements for his leaving home. Though two of his brothers had gone to Australia, it was known to all

William's friends that he intended to go to Newfoundland. Arrangements were made by his father for his passage from Poole to Trinity, and when he was ready to leave home for Poole, his father, with his hand on the boy's shoulder, and a voice not too steady, said to him (as he had said to his other brothers when they were leaving): "Good-bye, William, say your prayers morning and evening; go to church for worship when you can; be true and just in all your dealings; choose a wife as much like your mother as you can find one; write to your mother, at least once a year; and meet us up yonder some day."

Then he handed him the usual Five-pound-note which he knew would be supplemented by the English Government which his mother had saved for the occasion and which she would quietly slip into his hand, when she kissed him good-bye at the gate. A new petition was permanently added that night to the prayers of father and mother, in which the boy was remembered at the throne of grace; and eternity alone will reveal how much those prayers had to do with the straight, clean life that William Warren was enabled to live for the next fifty-seven years. Upon William's arrival at Trinity he was assigned to the care and training of Stephen and Ann Taverner, and when the years of his apprenticeship were over, he found himself fully equipped for the duties and responsibilities of Christian manhood. Benjamin Lester had been attracted by the boy's actions all through the years of his apprenticeship, and at once he offered him a position of trust and responsibility in connection with his branch business at Old Perlican, or "Parlican" as it was known to the "old Englishmen." He had carried out his father's advice about his prayers, and his spiritual life in general; and now he was to do the same with respect to the young woman whom he was to choose for his wife.

In the person of Elizabeth, daughter of Richard and Mary Lockyer (Planter in Trinity Bight) he recognized his father's ideal, and with her consent he waited upon the Chaplain of a British Man of War then in port, and as a result of the interview they

knew in his presence, pledged their life-long vows, and were proclaimed "man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." William was more than thankful that his mother and father were still alive, and that his yearly letters (never forgotten) during the next three years, contained a full description of his wife, and the little girl and boy whom God had sent to them, had at their Baptism, been given the names of Mary and George, respectively, after mother and father. William Warren, respected and trusted by everyone who knew him, was now in full charge of Lester and Garland's business in "Parlican"; and whilst he devoted his life and talents to the best interests of his employers and their dealers, he was always glad when the time came for his annual visit to Trinity. Then, after settling up the business of the past year, he renewed old acquaintances and spent a few happy days in the place (Trinity) where the foundations of his temporal life had been so firmly laid. His wife always accompanied him on this visit, and was thus enabled, not only to share in her husband's joy, but also to visit her parents at English Harbour. Their married life embodied all the features and blessings of a Christian home. Their mutual love increased with increasing years; their children like the olive branches round about their table. When God called the wife and mother to rest, the boys and girls had grown up into manhood and womanhood, with homes of their own, modelled after the home in which they had been born and trained. During the five years longer that William was to remain, he lived quietly and happily with his son William. At his request, when God called his soul to Himself, his body was laid to rest, beside that of his wife, in the old Churchyard at Trinity; and the old Church Clerk showed his respect and admiration for him by the following quaint entry in the old Burial Register:—

June 2nd, 1778, Interred, William Warren, Sr., of Parlican, in the 73rd year of his age. He lived in a married state 45 years, and decently brought up a numerous family."

Three feasts of Our Lord:
1. At Bethesda with 5,000 guests.
2. At Decapolis with 4,000 guests.
3. At Jerusalem with 12 guests (the Last Supper).
1st to Jews. 2nd to Gentiles. 3rd to Christians. Upon all the compassion of Jesus shone.

REMINISCENCES.

There are so many sad, and commonplace things happening every day that one is apt to overlook the funny and the uncommon things that happen quite as frequently in one's own life, as well as in the lives of others; only sometimes one has not the eyes to see, or the ears to hear them. Some of the funniest of things are often those that are so at our own individual, personal expense; and I am always sorry for the man who is so much concerned about his own dignity—real or imaginary—that he fails to see, or to enjoy a joke, because it is at his expense. I have an idea that the clergy are subjects to this ordeal, and taken advantage of in this respect, more so than any other class of people in public life; whilst I believe that, on the whole, they enjoy it; and though perhaps not just at the time, yet when they are alone they recall the incident and thoroughly enjoy the funny side of it. Let me illustrate my remarks. Clergymen are legally entitled to a fee for searching the church records, and supplying the copy of a birth certificate. Some of the clergy always exact the fee, some never do it. I remember one who always did it, and to prevent any misunderstanding, he reminded the applicant beforehand that the certificate would cost him 50c. Now some men are quite cute, and some are mean. One who was as mean as he was cute applied to this clergyman for a copy of a birth certificate. Before the clergyman opened the register he reminded the applicant that the fee for the copy would be 50 cents. "Oh yes, Parson," he said, "I know that, and that will be all right." Then the Parson went to work, and after much searching he found the original entry, and made the copy. He folded it neatly and handed it to the man, who took it and put it away carefully in his inside pocket. Then, as he went out the door, he said: "Parson, you don't get near fifty cents out of me." After the parson got over his surprise, he was filled with a righteous indignation, and I am not sure that he ever quite got over it. I often laugh over it myself, and who would not, I'd like to know?

In my own clerical experience of thirty-five years, I never charged for supplying a certificate, though I always expected the person to offer a fee, and to say, at least "I thank you;" and usually he did so. A parson, however, (who was not a parishioner) once called to see me in Trinity about his birth certificate. He did not know how old he was, so I had to look over the entries for some ten or fifteen years, and did not find the entry then. I never like to be beaten, so I asked the man to sit down whilst I went over those pages again, and again, but with no better success, and I had to admit that the entry was not there. I looked at the man, and the

time had come for him either to say "I thank you, Sir," or to ask how much I charged for all the trouble I had gone to. Did he do either? Well, no; he didn't; but looking me straight in the eye he said: "I suppose Sir, you got near fifty cents to give me to buy some nails?" Did I laugh? Well, not for a moment. He got the fifty cents, however, and departed; and then I laughed, and I shall laugh to the end of the chapter, every time I recall the circumstances. It was worth fifty cents; and he would have got a dollar if he had asked for it.

SOME DATES RE THE FINCH FAMILY.

I have been asked for information re the Finch family in Trinity. I have not, however, been able to secure a consecutive date, owing to the fact that some of the first family moved away from Trinity. The following (all that I can find) may be of interest:—

1796—Married, Samuel Thos. Finch of Dartmouth, England, and Elizabeth Piercy of Old Perlican. To them were born: William, John Thomas, Elizabeth, Mary, Ann, Charles, Amy, Susannah, Susannah.
1820—Married, John Thomas Finch and Ann Diddam. To them were born: Samuel, Elizabeth, Matilda, and others.
Elizabeth married William Hart, 1849; Matilda married John Collins, 1839. It is possible that Samuel was married by a Wesleyan Minister.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Blanche Barie was a passenger by the Prospero to Trinity from Springdale, N.D.B., (on Sunday last) where she spent an enjoyable vacation with her father.
Mrs. Eriksen and Mrs. Mews report a hundred per cent enjoyment trip from St. John's to New York, N.S., Halifax, the Annapolis Valley, N.S., and Boston. They will have some interesting stories to tell on their return.

Dr. Fitzgerald of Trinity East was a passenger by S.S. Prospero to St. John's on Sunday last and returned with Mrs. Fitzgerald on Wednesday.

Mr. Alex. Jamieson, representing Dr. Chase, was in Trinity last week; he registered at the Garland, and looked up his customers. He's all right.

Died at Trinity East, Sept. 17th, John Hogarth, aged 75 years.

Magistrate Somerton held court at King's Cove last week; and at present is doing the same at Catalina. Mrs. Somerton is with him at Catalina visiting old acquaintances, and having a good time generally.

Rev. Edmund Hunt, Mrs. Hunt, and children left for New Harbor by yesterday's train.

Hon. D. A. Ryan registered at the Garland on Wednesday.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
George H.—Yes, there was a man by the name of Devon in Smith's Sound. His name was Henry Devon. He came from Dorset, England. He was married in Trinity in 1857, to Sarah Waterman, widow. Witnesses: Robert Grant and Ann Burnell.

T.M.—Two of the oldest people in Trinity Bight are Reginald Mills and Robert Miller, both of Trinity East. Mr. Mills was born in December, 1833, and will be ninety in December. Mr. Miller was born in January, 1834, and will be ninety next January. I have answered this question a good many times.

Mrs. A.T.—At present I have no means of finding out what you ask for. Probably I shall be able to give you the information within a few weeks. Remind me if I forget it.

M. W.—Thank you for the bouquet. I am glad to know that efforts are helpful and appreciated. My motto is "I serve." The domestic animal you inquire about is well high extinct as the dodo. Will write.

Sept. 22nd, 1923.

At the Blue Puttee you can get the same service as you would get in a New York or Montreal ice cream parlour. And above all else the most exacting standards of cleanliness are observed in preparing and serving your refreshments. Get the Blue Puttee habit if you want the best.—Sept. 21st.

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School Requisites
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Ask us to send you complete list of School Books and Supplies.

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Bookseller and Stationer.

NEWFOUNDLAND.
NOTICE TO MARINERS
(NO 4 OF 1923).
Curzon Head—Woody Point
Bonne Bay.

POSITION—On Curzon Head entrance to Bonne Bay.
Lat. 49° 30' 20" N.
Lon. 57° 54' 20" W.

CHANGE IN CHARACTER OF LIGHT.

Notice is hereby given that the FLASHING RED ACETYLENE Light on Woody Point will be changed on the 25th of September, 1923, to a FIXED RED Dioptric Light of the sixth order.

G. F. GRIMES,
Minister of Marine & Fisheries,
Dept. of Marine & Fisheries,
St. John's, Newfoundland.
September 12th, 1923.

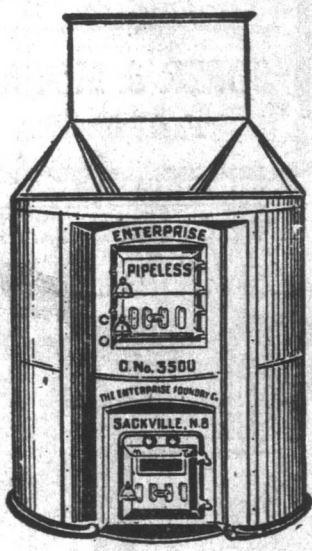
CARD.

Dr. M. F. Hogan
D.D.S., D.D.C.,
is continuing the
practice of the late
Dr. A. B. Lehr,
329 Water Street.

St. JOHN'S
Grocery Stores

Pork, Ham Butt, lb.16c.
Pork, Fat Back, lb.16c.
Spare Ribs, lb.14c.
Beef, Choice Family, lb. . . .12c.
Beef, Boneless, lb.12c.
Beef, Special Cut, lb.15c.
Bologna, lb.22c.
Fresh Eggs, doz.50c.
Armours Beans, tin14c.
Large Green Peas, lb. . . .12c.
No. 1 Salmon, tin25c.
Tomatoes, Italian, 2 1/2 lb. tin40c.
Vinegar, 1/2 pt., imported, bottle25c.
Local Cabbage, Potatoes and Turnips.

J. J. ST. JOHN.
Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.



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is not merely a furnace without pipes.
ALL CAST means a heavier furnace—a longer wearing furnace.

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Every Enterprise ALL CAST Pipeless Furnace that we install—and being practical Tinsmiths we install them ourselves—carries with it the ALL CAST Guarantee of the makers. "You will be able to go around your house all next winter in your shirt-sleeves, if you install one of these Chill-Chasers in your home."

John Clouston
140-142 Duckworth St., -- Opposite Custom House

Sept. 15, 1923